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EWING
CASELLI
BLEE
AVENGERS · X-MEN · ETERNALS
JUDGMENT DAY
X-MEN
RED

NASA

TRANSCRIPT OF FIELD RECORDING: DR. C. MARSHALL

<recording begins 12:11:53 UTC>

[MARSHALL] Green light. That means it's working, see?

[MARSHALL] My name is Dr. Craig Marshall. I'm a soil scientist currently working for NASA. I've spent the last month living on Mars, or Planet Arakko as the locals call it, studying the results of the Krakoan terraforming process...and...

<pause>

[MARSHALL] ...and I'm broadcasting in the hope someone out there can record my last words.

[MARSHALL] It's funny. Scientists like me...non-mutants...we were given all these warnings. Commander Brand told us that the Arakkii were dangerous, unpredictable -- leaving the Diplomatic Zone was taking our lives in our hands -- but when I set up here, they were fine with it. Nothing but hospitable. Especially when I started helping with the harvest --

[CHILD'S VOICE] Insult! Insult, Craig of NASA!

[MARSHALL] Whoops. "Helping" implies the Arakkii needed help. I meant to say, I contributed to the shared work of the harvest -- how's that, Loolo?

[CHILD'S VOICE] You are forgiven, Craig of NASA!

[MARSHALL] Loolo knows I'm still learning. She's a nice kid. Not many kids on Arakko...not many survived the prisons... I'm getting off track.

[MARSHALL] The point is...look, I'm sure there are Arakkii who are macho creeps. There are humans on Earth who are macho creeps. But this was a -- a peaceful commune. The Law of Arakko is "destroy your enemies." But if someone's not an enemy, they're a friend. If you don't come here to fight them, they don't want to fight you.

[MARSHALL] Something came to fight them.

[MARSHALL] The commune leader -- Azzia of the Eight Blades -- she told me to stay here. Protect those who weren't of age to fight yet. And then -- I'm going to turn the camera and show you, I hope you can see this --

--then they went to fight *that.*
And they didn't come back.
So... yeah.
When it gets here, I'm going to try to *distract* it so Loolo and her brother can get *away*--
Insult, Craig of NASA!

So you can make a *strategic retreat*, I mean. Just for *now*, Loolo. I know you wouldn't ever yield.
But you don't have your *powers* yet. To fight, you need to ***survive***--for a *long, long time.*
Can you do that for me?
Can you live *through* this, honey?
Like in the prisons. I can do that.
I've done that.
But I don't want to *leave* you, Craig of NASA.
You're not ***of Arakko.*** You're just a human man from *Earth*--you shouldn't have to fight for us *alone*...
Trust me, I know. I just came to look at some *dirt*.
But...well, you folks treated me like I belonged from *day one*, so... yeah.
I guess I'm of Arakko ***today.***
The truth is spoken.
We see you, Craig Marshall. *You have a place in the broken land--**today and forever.***

But this is a challenge-to-all...
...and that means nobody fights alone.
I am Ororo of the Storm. Storm of the Brotherhood.
I sit on the Great Ring of Arakko and am called Regent--though more and more, even the suggestion of a throne...chafes.
At my side is the rest of the Table Day--Lactuca of the Stars and Sobunar of the Depths.
The Eternals' attack on Arakko is a challenge to all, and nobody fights alone...
...but that doesn't mean I don't want to.
My brother. My sister.
May I lead this dance?
The creature attacks with light--a lattice of directed lasers amplified from a single source.
The first shot goes wide--after that, it has my range...

...for what little good that will do it.
Sobunar discreetly releases part of the endless ocean that is his blood. From the added moisture, I sculpt a *monsoon.*
A million raindrops fall from a clear sky...
...and *refract* the beast's light, blunting its weapons.
As it *halts*--recalibrating, compensating--I focus on the little machine at its heart. One of the death toys of **Uranos,** loosed by him upon our world.
Lactuca could teleport it into the sun--but I am in the mood to express myself.
I write my anger in the lightning.
SHRAK!
For all my *power,* I cannot be in *two places at once.* And so, once *again,* a people who I make bold claims to represent ***suffered***--*while I was elsewhere.*
But now your machines have my *full attention,* Uranos the Eternal. *And so do you.*
Will you survive the experience?

[00_mutants_of_X]
[00_the_world__X]

X-MEN RED

WAR MACHINES

Evolve or be erased.

The Eternals were created by the alien space gods known as the Celestials to protect the Earth and correct excess deviation -- a directive that has led them to launch an all-out assault against all mutantkind following the revelation of mutant resurrection.

Uranos attacked Arakko and within minutes, he and his forces dealt a serious blow to the Arakkii and their leading council, the Great Ring -- even going so far as to tear out Magneto's heart. Now the Arakkii must prove their mettle, or find themselves wiped out...

The events in this issue take place before A.X.E.: JUDGMENT DAY #4

[STORM]

[MAGNETO]

[FISHER KING]

[SOBUNAR OF THE DEPTHS]

[LACTUCA OF THE STARS]

[WRONGSLIDE]

[CABLE]

[ISCA THE UNBEATEN]

[XILO]

[KHORA]

[LODUS LOGOS]

"The Hour of Magneto"

06

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X-MEN created by **Stan Lee & Jack Kirby**

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[00_mutants_of_X]
[00_the_world__X]

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[00_00_06]

Another Eternal sword broken. But *too late* for the valiant ones who made this place their *grave*...
I know. I failed Arakko, Sobunar. *Once again, I wasn't here...*

The words of the ***old prison legend*** echo to me. *"If you weren't here, you were somewhere."* Fighting the *same* foe.
And we've foes *enough* to fight without turning on *our own selves and choices*...

Sobunar is right. Guilt is a luxury--as is ***time.***
We need to keep moving. Uranos' *machines* didn't leave our planet when *he* did--*the challenge to all goes on.*
You're the ***Knower,*** Lactuca--I'm relying on *your knowledge* of where we can do the most *good.*

Then ***share it,*** wind-walker.
Her bottomless eyes meet *mine.* For a moment, I am a *speck of dust* in an *endless ocean...*
and then
there is no
"me"
at all...

I am Richard Rider. I am destroying the drone factory above Port Prometheus, saving countless lives.
It took too long. I wasn't good enough.
It's all up to me, it's all up to me, it's all up to me...
I am a man without a name. It was psychically amputated in the prisons to guard against the Vile Omnipaths.
I had no weapon, so I fought them with nothing. I was the Omega of having nothing. There was no limit to the nothing I had.
Another joins me. We are now two. Time to fetch the third.
I am Isca the Unbeaten. I am killing fish.
Uranos' machines will win this war, even if I fight for Arakko. So I fight for Uranos. I have no choice in this matter.
I can never lose.

I am Wrongslide. I am fighting alongside the Brotherhood and the local population.
The machines were winning, but they have a strategic flaw. They prioritize murder over all other action.
Someone built these. For the first time in my life, I feel anger.

I am Roberto Da Costa. I am a gorgeous pile of secrets. I love it when I get to reveal them.
The air near me shifts. There's a smell sweeter than brimstone. I finish what I'm doing and step away.
Time to reveal another secret.

I am Khora of the Burning Heart. Suddenly, I smell jasmine. I know what that means.
Night has fallen. My father prepared me for this--and for what I must become if he falls too.
For the first time in years, I think of my sister...

I am Wiz-Kid. I'm on S.W.O.R.D. Station Two with Cable, trying to get it back online. As we head for what's left of the Green Room, he speaks in my mind.
I owe him a marker from when I electrocuted his brain a while back--he's calling it in. It's time, he says.
Time to talk about Brand.
I am the shape of Abigail Brand.
I am emerging from an egg. I am not technically alive. Charles Xavier is holding my mind in his, waiting to plug it back in.
I have never been this vulnerable.
I am Lodus Logos.
Metal, my voice.
Vengeance, my desire.

And I...
...I am Magneto.
So, Uranos set you loose to slay Arakko Prime, did he?
A thing copied from nature--with plastic flesh, silicon blood--to murder a living island.
Almost poetic.
Allow me to offer a gift, then--
--from our great poet.
Thank you for the metal, Lodus Logos. We make a fine team...

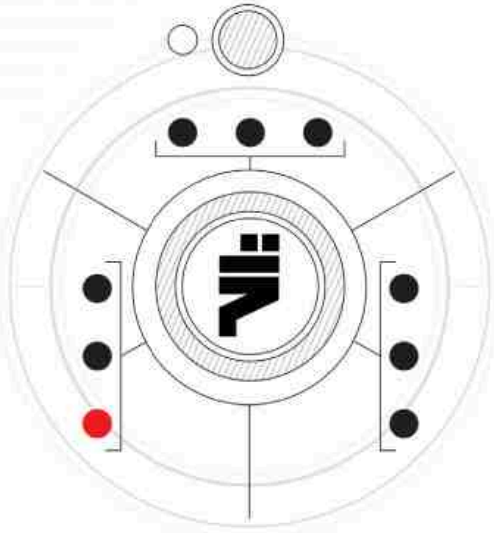
"Team." A word little used on Arakko. A word we could learn...?
Apocalypszze made uszze of mutantszz in conczzert... but the practiczze fell from favor... becauszze...
...becauszze...
...I do not know. Szzo much hiszztory iszz loszzt--szzo much of what I am. I muszzt learn a new name for this new szzelf.
Time for that tomorrow. Today, we fight so there may be one...
...even though we ourselves may not see it. How fares Magneto?
I am--nnh!--without a heart, Lodus.
As you say--I won't see tomorrow.
Seeing even another second requires constant command of my mastery of magnetism...
...mastery of even the iron in my own blood.
My mutant gift is all that's keeping it pumping--not a feat I could have managed as a younger man.
It requires flawless, absolute concentration--and more iron supplements than any doctor not named "Nemesis" would prescribe.
And even then, it's going to--nnh!--take more than I've got to--
Magneto?

What happened here...?
Roberto and Fisher. And a new face.
To what do we owe the pleasure?
You are all that remains of the Great Ring?
We've been lucky. Idyll is dead--at Isca's hands--but the Table Day is engaged against the wider foe.
And Ora Serrata is wounded but stable--once she could move, she went to join her Inward Watch.
Now answer my question. Why are you here?
When Dawn, Dusk and Day are split asunder...who's left, Headmaster?
The Night Seats.

[00.GREAT....0]
[00.RING.....0]

THE GREAT RING OF ARAKKO

_HISTORY OF THE NIGHT SEATS.



IN THE BEGINNING, Great Okkara was ruled by the Seats of Dawn, Day and Dusk -- and to check them if need be, the Seats of Night, the Shadow Table. Self-recruiting, self-replacing, separate from the Great Ring and unbound by its customs. ***No Omega has ever served on the Night Seats.*** ***None ever will.***

IN THE SIEGE YEARS, the Night Seats served as spies and secret warriors, bringing information to the Great Ring of the growing demon hordes. But Genesis grew disdainful of war waged in shadows by those she saw as weak. ***From then on, the Night Seats were advisors only, their true strength forgotten.***

IN THE PROUD YEARS, Idyll the Ancestor, he who saw all futures, made prediction of doom and disaster. Though he was ridiculed, the Night Seats backed him and sought to stay Genesis' hand from action -- and this was more than she could bear. ***The Night Seats were dissolved, and Ora Serrata blinked them from existence.*** ***Then there was only the Great Ring.***

THEN ARAKKO FELL.

IN THE PRISON YEARS, there was one born of smoke and swiftly caged. There was one born with eyes of fire that saw truths terrible and wonderful. ***There was one with no weapon at all.*** And that one saw what the Great Ring had become -- ***and saw the need for a Shadow Table once more.***

IN THE YEARS OF ANNIHILATION, the Night Seats fought to keep Arakko alive under the rule of the Vile, and made hideous sacrifices for their fight. The Weaponless One had a Weaponless Child, and another who burned with her mother's heart -- but in the end, the fight was lost and love died in flame. ***The King at Midnight's tale is sorrow and despair.*** ***If you were there, you know.***

IN THE TRIAL OF SWORDS, the Night Seats rattled their chains and found hope in their dungeons, even after the loss of one of their own. ***Hope in a name --*** ***Krakoa.***

THEN ARAKKO ROSE AGAIN.

IN THE NEW LANDS, a young man of many worlds and many lands approached the surviving two. That he knew of them at all spoke of his ability, that he found them spoke of his skill. He was not of Arakko -- ***but the Night Seats are unbound by custom.*** ***And now they are three once more.***

SYZYA OF THE SMOKE -------- **THE SEAT OF NOWHERE**
[HE HAS NO NAME] -------- **THE SEAT OF NOTHING**
ROBERTO DA COSTA -------- **THE SEAT OF NOBODY**

But if I'd *known* this nightmare would happen--
Much as it might bruise your *ego*, lad, not everything is about *you*.
You didn't start this war. And if you think *your words* pushed me into *fighting* it...
Will you trick the *sun* into rising next? Take credit for *that?*
You may have chosen a seat at the *table*, but the *cards* were dealt *long ago*. If all you can do is *play* this game to the best of your *considerable ability*--
--then I expect nothing less.
Yes, sir.
But as to your *fellow players*... I'm *disappointed*, Fisher King.
Here I was thinking our meeting was a *happy coincidence*...
Roberto vouched for you. But I had to be ***sure***, Max.
Lots of *empty barrels* making *big noises* in the Broken Land.
In the prisons, they turned to the ***vile***-- took bribes of *power* for pieces of their soul.
Perhaps I could have stopped it...but I had my *own* pride...
I had to be sure. But you ***opened your door,*** Max. Right away, you opened your door.
Will you close it now?

Of course not.
Time is too short.
I grow weaker. But before--rrh--before I can rest, I have to know Arakko will survive me.
I didn't catch your name--
Syzya of the Smoke. My weapon is to be any place I know of, in a puff of my smoke, and to bring others.
But the Vile knew ways to block and trap me, make the prisons my prison too. Now free, I keep secret, to not be caged again...
Someone should--nnh!--introduce you to Nightcrawler.
In his absence, we'll need your help to assemble our forces...
A big ask to ask for. Arakko's busy fighting a hundred battles against a hundred foes in a hundred places.
And mostly trained for siege warfare--or single combat. Too set in our old ways...
Then let the old wayszz change.
We work the land and soil communally, sharing homes and tools.
Let us reap our vengeance in that spirit. A harvest of blood...
Or whatever these machines have instead of...
RRRRRR!
...no.

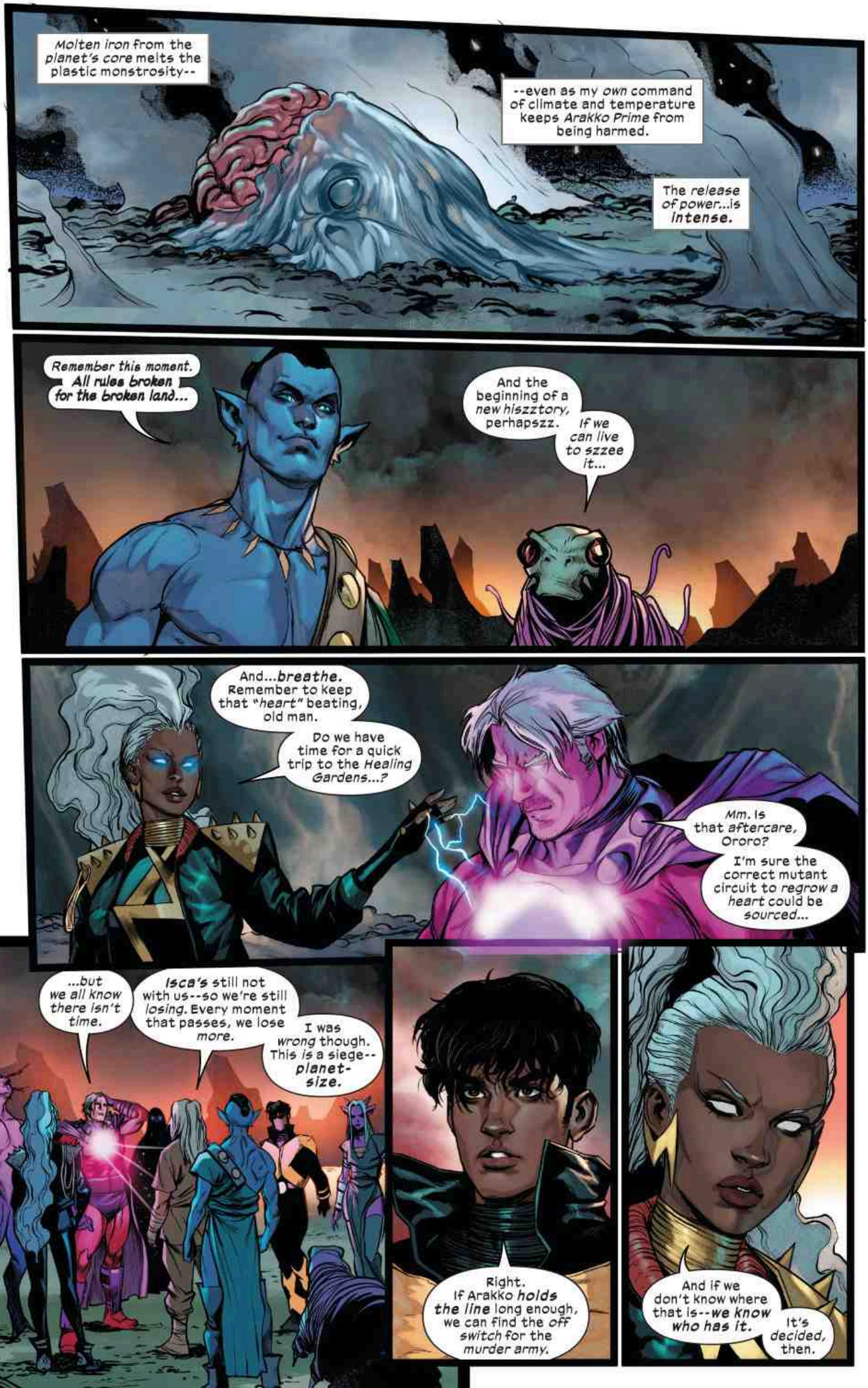
AUUURRRHH!
I am Magneto.
I have held myself together--done the work of an absent heart--for as long as I can.
I saved the living island Arakko, and I thought the battle was done. That I could perhaps rest or pass the burden to a friend.
Have I not learned by now? I can never rest.
The battle will never end.
They heal.
The machines of Uranos heal!

I am Khora of the Burning Heart. I watch the same machine I just dispatched stagger to its feet.
I grip my blade and remember--the dozens I slew before that...
I am Uthios Stone-shedder. I make art in the Morrowlands.
We were attacked by a metallic slime, and our story-smiths reached into it and rewrote it at the cost of their minds. It died.
We were so sure it died...
I am Richard Rider. One of the remaining drones is evolving--there's no other word for it. Growing into... Oh, no.
Not again.
Focus. It's all up to me.
It's all up to...

...me?
Lactuca's strange gift fades.
Come on, curse you.
I'm not dead yet...
I know, as she does, where we need to be.
And once more, I know who I am...
I am Storm.
SHRA-ZAKK
AAAAHHHH!
A little-known fact-- Magneto's mutant gift attunes to my own.
Once, I struck him with lightning--

--and he used that to *empower himself* at the expense of my *life force*. He *took* it from me then...
...*now I offer it freely.*
I feel his focus *restored*. An invisible *heartbeat*-- near-impossible to maintain-- becomes *effortless*.
My own heart... ***skips.***
But he *must* take what I give him. ***We both know it.***
The Arakkii watch in shock. Yes, tactics are not help. Yes, *nobody fights alone*. But ***this?***
This is a societal rule not *bent*, but ***shattered***-- *explosively, gloriously.*
Without the *need* for words, ***I give of myself***-- and he accepts *without hesitation*, though any *error* means ***my life for his.***
In the broken land, such *intimacy* is reserved for the *closest of lovers*...
Ready?
Oh yes.

...but we did not come to make love.
KRAKOOOM
We came to make war.


Molten iron from the planet's core melts the plastic monstrosity--
--even as my own command of climate and temperature keeps Arakko Prime from being harmed.
The release of power...is intense.
Remember this moment. All rules broken for the broken land...
And the beginning of a new hiszztory, perhapszz.
If we can live to szzee it...
And...breathe. Remember to keep that "heart" beating, old man.
Do we have time for a quick trip to the Healing Gardens...?
Mm. Is that aftercare, Ororo?
I'm sure the correct mutant circuit to regrow a heart could be sourced...
...but we all know there isn't time.
Isca's still not with us--so we're still losing. Every moment that passes, we lose more.
I was wrong though. This is a siege--planet-size.
Right. If Arakko holds the line long enough, we can find the off switch for the murder army.
And if we don't know where that is--we know who has it.
It's decided, then.

We take the fight to Uranos himself...
...and destroy our enemy.

NEXT

"The Winning Side"

07

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MARAUDERS #6
WOLVERINE #25
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FANTASTIC FOUR #47

ZONE